

## NEWS FOR EARL FITZWILLIAM

HAROLD WATKINS CAN TELL HIM WHERE THE COCOA COBBLE IS.

Harold, Though Warned of the Dangers, Follows a Kind Old Sailor's Exploit Advice and Finds, Near the Morris Canal, the Key to the Buried Treasure.

Oh, the gold we hid and ourselves we hid. Of all the pirate loot. Then we obtained the mate and slew the eight. With poisoned passion fruit.

And their bones they guard the treasure hard. Down by the pirate loot. While their secret rests within the breast of Percy, Harold and me.

—Ballad of the Gorda Pirate.

It was a calm day in May. Not a ripple disturbed the quiet waters of the Morris Canal, while the peaceful docks of the Pennsylvania Railroad yard by east a fitful shade on Harold Watkins as he slinked stealthily and bare-legged upon the hole of the wild muskrat near at hand, with his stick poised to strike.

But hold! There was a hall from the Linden avenue bridge, that noble structure which spans the Morris Canal right where the heavy traffic of Jersey City's industries rumbles over into distant Greenville. Harold stopped at the very mouth of the muskrat hole and cast his frank, boyish eyes up to the bridge. There stood an old man. He beckoned to Harold.

It was a wild looking figure that met Harold's gaze. A very old man, it was, who stood there with his pointed beard, his head of a strangely carved cane. A long gray beard hung down to the second button of his neat shirt; long white hair fringed his haggard face. Beneath the shaggy thatch his deep sunken eyes glowed with a strange light. He chewed something nervously. It might have been that he was chewing tobacco. Harold did not dare ask him.

"Young man," piped the stranger in a high, quavering voice, "can you tell me where the old Bell and Dogchain lie under?"

Harold, the sweet gaze of good Canary I used to put there with the roaring; rollicking boys of the Spanish Main and Gloucester, Mass., in the old, old days. Ah, me, but it is all gone—gone.

The mysterious old man, whom Harold judged rightly to be a sailor, paused to wipe a trickling tear from his eye. "But his, boy!" The old man's demeanor changed at once. His whole body trembled. His hands shook on the top of his strangely carved cane and his eyes glinted like the lights of far distant New York on a foggy night.

"The old Bell and Dogchain must be wiped away, boy. But if there is any bit of it left standing there may be time yet for you to make a fortune, my son. Mark well my words. I am an old man, rapidly tottering to the potters' field, bowed with my sins and burdened with my dreadful secrets. I must tell you my secret ere I die."

"From Barbaree to Chillicothe and from Hakodadi to Canandaigua have I wandered, hunting always for the one man in all the world who shared with me the secret of the treasure. I have not found him. He is dead. Listen well, boy. At the back wall of the old Bell and Dogchain, fifteen feet and three inches from the ground, are five rows of bricks east of the chimney, there is a brick. Yes, boy, there is a brick. Dig there, and what you find will make you richer than Monte Cristo."

"But wait, boy; were the faithful course that haunts what you will find there. Blood and the dying curses of many good men and true lie locked in that wall. Have a care that you approach the treasure with clean hands!"

So saying the old man of mystery hobbled away down the bridge, leaving Harold pale and trembling. He cast his eyes to the ground. When he raised them he saw the old sailor disappearing through the support of Billy Hennessey's grog. That was the last Harold ever saw of the man of mystery.

Harold stood wrapped in thought for some minutes. When he had unwrapped himself an inspiration seized him. He went straight down through the Pennsylvania Railroad yards, past the old muskrat hole, and the terrible song of the muskrat that had been bawled from his boyish mind; his chest heaved with exultation as he walked, and the terrible song of the muskrat that had been bawled from his boyish mind.

Harold stood excitedly about over the piles of old tomato cans to the rear. One look he took. Yes, there was the chimney, a part of the wall of the old tavern still standing by it. Quickly Harold drew from his pocket his ever ready tape measure. Carefully he measured fifteen feet and three inches from the ground. There counted five rows of bricks east of the chimney. Yes, there was a brick there, just as the mysterious mariner had said.

Harold pushed the brick. It moved under his touch.

With a gasp of excitement the lad drew out the brick, then another and another. He had a large hole through the wall of his arm. Breathing a prayer, he thrust his arm into the opening and his hand touched something round and hard. He drew it out. It proved to be a round wooden cask, about eight inches long, heavily bound with copper bands and studded with bits of steel about the ends. The wood was old and weathered. Harold swallowed hard and thrust his hand again into the hole. He drew out another cask, a smaller than the first, but bound just as heavily.

The innocent lad thought of the kind old sailor man and of how truthfully he had told him of the treasure. He broke open the cask and his heart was moved with pity for the salty wreck. But then he remembered the warning of the bloody curses that came over these two casks of wood and copper, and a cold sweat broke out under his undershirt. He felt his knees give way just above the garters, and he would have swooned had it not been that he didn't.

It was but the work of an hour for Harold to reach home. There, in the dampness of the coal cellar, he broke open the two casks with a cold chisel. From each he drew two tightly rolled parchments. They were old and yellow with age. By the light of a candle Harold read the faded words scrawled there in brown ink:

Three pieces from the old megalithic bush—then turn 'em by 'or east and take a sight through your closed hands over the top of the gray—

Harold strained his eyes breathlessly and moved the candle over closer to the parchment. His heart beat every once in a while.

Fifteen thousand Spanish doubloons, all gold, which we took from the cargo of the *Alfonso Pio*, Christiano Eduardo. Etched on pieces of eight twenty-two thousand—blood of twenty—may Christ have mercy on you.

Five silver crucifixes studded with emeralds, a crown—king of Zambar. By the St. Casablanca I have this wealth and yet I die of thirst—From Capt. Kidder—bottled in sweet oil—near the asparagus bush—dig through the bones of the eight and there find diamonds.

Harold, trembling, unrolled the ancient parchment when his eyes had grown blurred from reading the pirate's confession. There he saw the outlines of Cocca Island; there were Graham Bay and Water Bay. A red cross in the northwest corner of the island still marked the spot. About it there were zigzag marks and tracings with figures and letters.

It was all there! Yes, there lay the key to the buried pelf of pirates. Yet how the blood of men shrieked at the dingy parchment, so long hidden there by the Morris Canal!

Harold took counsel with Percy, his friend. Percy helped him to decipher the

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of the manuscripts and to read the rebus of the map. Together they kept their secret for two long years. Then, on Monday Harold sent this letter to THE SUN:

GENTLEMEN: Would you be kind enough to give me the address of Earl Fitzwilliam as I see from your paper that he is interested in the treasure buried on Cocca Island, and as I have papers giving full description as to where the treasure lies, which I came in possession of through an old sailor and would like to communicate with him on that subject.

Yours respectfully,  
HAROLD E. WATKINS.

A reporter took the information to Harold and from his own lips heard the story of his strange experience.

## OUT OF JAIL BY WEDDING.

But Mr. Maltz's Penitence Was Too Late for Freedom Last Night.

Jack Maltz, a furrier who lives at 373 East Tenth street, made a brave attempt to get out of Ludlow street jail last night, but he was disappointed.

Two Hundred Men, Women and Children Go From Atlantic City to May's Landing and Chant Hymns as They March.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 14.—Reformers heading the crusade against Sunday liquor selling in Atlantic City made a demonstration before the opening of court at May's Landing this morning when more than 200 men, women and children marched from a special train to the courthouse singing hymns.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Rescue the Perishing," and other well known camp meeting songs were sung as the crusaders marched through the main streets of the county seat and into the courtroom. There prayers were made by the ministers in charge of the delegation for guidance for the members of the Grand Jury who have the cases of alleged license violations in their hands.

The reformers made the trip from Atlantic City in a special electric train on which free transportation was furnished to all who joined the crusade. The Rev. C. D. Stinson, head of the ministerial movement to close Sunday saloons, and President Benjamin Garrison of the Good Citizenship League, headed the delegation with members of the "evidence committee" who have caused the arrests of more than a score of liquor dealers and who will furnish most of the evidence to the Grand Jury. Nearly a thousand persons followed the crusaders in another train and many saloon keepers, politicians and lawyers were in the audience that heard the prayers and hymns of the crusaders.

Supreme Court Justice Trenchard, who arrived shortly after the services were concluded, created consternation among the saloon men when at the conclusion of his charge he ordered the Grand Jury to remain in session throughout the summer.

"The Court is of the opinion," he said, "that the public welfare demands that the Grand Jury should not be discharged. Therefore when you finish your work for the time being you will present your indictments and then hold yourselves in readiness until the full term of court to appear whenever your services shall be required."

In his direction to the jury regarding the liquor cases Justice Trenchard said: "There will be laid before you evidence of licensed saloons in this county on Sunday. Such sale is contrary to law and if proof is submitted to you of violation of this law your duty is to indict the person or corporation responsible for such sale."

Referring to gambling Justice Trenchard declared that the suppression of all public gambling lay with the police and that the Forty-fourth street officials were in any violation of State laws against games of chance.

Hotel men, business men and city officials are on the Grand Jury which probably will make no report for several days.

News of Plays and Players.

David Belasco announced yesterday that he had engaged Charlotte Walker for next season. She will be supported by Frank Keenan and will appear, it is said, in the dramatization of Thomas W. Lawson's "Friday the 13th."

Arnold Daly will leave the cast of "The Boys of Company B" on Wednesday, May 22, and will sail for Europe the following day.

While in Europe he will visit London, Paris and Berlin in search of new plays. Mr. Daly has secured the rights to the one act play by Mark Twain, known as Mark Twain's adaptation of Timmory's dramatization of Mark Twain's story, entitled "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."

The regular season of the Irving Place Theatre will close to-night with a testimonial performance to Mrs. Genevieve Neundorff. The play is "Frodo," by F. A. Wolf, music by C. M. von Weber.

Rawie-Lefferts.

Miss Mary Cozzine Lefferts and Henry Rawie of Philadelphia were married yesterday afternoon at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, at Madison avenue and 42nd street. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock by Bishop Greer and the Rev. W. Leighton Parks, the rector.

The bride was given away by her father, Marshall C. Lefferts. She was attended by Mary Amory Hare of Philadelphia, a cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Edith Pierpont, daughter of the bridegroom; and Miss Schenck, daughter of the bridegroom. The bride is a daughter of the late John Lefferts, a prominent business man of Philadelphia. Her father died last Friday night at Delmont, Pa., when he was 78 years of age.

The bride's best man is Henry Wilder Head of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the ushers were John Flannery, Charles F. Wilson, Brian Clegg Butler and Charles Marshall Butler, brothers of the bride, and Andrew J. Bradley and Charles M. Bradley.

Headed-Butler.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Miss Marcella Flag Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, formerly of New York, and Edward Cresswell Head of this city were married at noon today in the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. Dr. William P. Stevenson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York.

The bride is the daughter of the late John Head, a prominent business man of Philadelphia. Her father died last Friday night at Delmont, Pa., when he was 78 years of age.

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## CRUSADERS SING IN COURT

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE LEAGUES ALSO PRAY FOR JURORS.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Duchess of Sutherland is not only a "great lady" among titled ladies and a beauty among the beauties of London, with one of the finest homes in London for entertaining, but at her recent reception of 10,000 guests the presence of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Anthony Hope recalled the fact that the Duchess had written a novel herself, and the sight of Mr. Tree and Miss Marion Terry reminded her friends that the Duchess had also a place among the playwrights.

Dr. Saleeby, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lady Betty Bouverie and Lewis Harcourt, with many other distinguished writers, were among the guests, which were received at Stafford House, the great house which Queen Victoria shrewdly called a palace as against her own Buckingham "House."

In Mr. T. E. Kettle's "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories" is a long description of Lady Jeune's Sunday afternoons. It is supposed to be the crime of new journalism to pry into private life and publish intimate details to the world. But although no one since the days of Lady Blessington has held the place in the social intellectual field that Lady Jeune occupies, and every one of activity in literature, in science, in journalism, as well as in public life, has been entertained at her house, it has been reserved for an old school Tory to publish the first account of the Harley street functions even up to as late a date as three or four years ago.

Mr. Joseph Lyons, chairman of the company of caterers that bears his name, is taking to novel writing in company with Mr. Cecil Raleigh of drama fame. Mr. Lyons has written poetry and has had several pictures in the academy. His first novel to be published soon is to form No. 1 of the Lyons Library—a series of novels.

Mr. H. B. Irving and his brother Laurence are to publish a biography of the late Sir Henry Irving. No less than six books have been written about Sir Henry since his death, and there are at least two others to follow—one by Austin Brereton and another by Mr. Joseph Hutton. The final edition of the biography will be published for several years, and for satisfactory reasons. It promises to be an important book, for both have demonstrated that they have literary ability.

Prof. William T. Brewster of Columbia has in press a book entitled "Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism." The book contains selections from some of the most representative English and American critics, including Dryden, Coleridge, Lamb, Poe, Arnold, Pater and Leslie Stephen. The aim of the author is to present a variety of selections representing different kinds of material and diverse points of view as an introduction to the reading of criticism and the study of the historical development of the art.

As a proof that the Ruskin cult is by no means dead it is said that crowds visiting the gallery where his original drawings were recently on exhibition and as much as a thousand dollars was paid for a single picture.

"Individual Training in Our Colleges," by Clarence F. Birdseye, is a study of the college student's problem from the student's point of view. The author shows how widely the college training of to-day differs from that of fifty years ago through lack of personal contact between the student and the professors. The remedy he proposes involves a totally new conception of the place the Greek letter fraternities should occupy in college life.

Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel is, according to the author, his best work. Mr. Marriott is a student of story telling and lives in remote Cornwall, where he may study with few distractions.

Written in 1811 and suppressed before publication, Landor's "Commentary" on Trotter's "Memoirs of the Last Days of Charles James Fox" sees the light for the first time in the centenary year of the Whig statesman's death. The book is edited by Stephen Wheeler and contains Landor's own observations on the policy of Fox, on the Napoleonic wars and on the characters of the leading men of the day, literature, art, morals, tastes and pursuits of the times. The only known copy of the book was preserved by Landor's friends, Robert Southey and Lord Houghton, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Crewe, who has allowed it to be used for the present edition.

The Atlantic, which has so long devoted its pages to purely literary matter, has in the current number a timely and popular article on "Railroad Accidents." The writer attests by statistics that while legislation has to a large extent eliminated many of the causes of accidents, fatal casualties have increased during the last six months. High speed of trains, inexperience and overwork of employees are given as causes of the trouble, yet "the fundamental weakness of American railroading from the standpoint of safety is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline." Prof. Dixon, the writer, says in conclusion: "What the country needs is a Federal board of inspection of long if not of permanent tenure."

## MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S NEW NOVEL

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consisting of men of such wide knowledge and of such undoubted integrity that their conclusions will be accepted without question and their recommendations adopted by the railroads as a matter of course.

"Heraldry Explained" will be a comforting volume to those who have acquired by purchase the crests they so proudly display on glass and linen and equipage, for the author, Mr. Fox-Davies, says in his preface, "Arms, new and old, are on an identical footing; they have all been paid for at some time or another, so that it is absurd to ridicule a new coat of arms on the ground that it has been purchased. On payment of the prescribed fees, the court will grant arms to any person living as a gentleman in that class of life in which the use of arms is usual."

No man can demand as a matter of right that a grant of arms shall be made to him; but there are few people who desire to have arms and are ready to pay the fees who would meet with the refusal. In England a coat of arms may be purchased for £75, in Scotland for £44 and in Ireland for £50. Advice is given in this informing little book as to the effective use of a coat of arms, the proper method of conjoining the wife's arms and numerous other details belonging to good taste, which will be valuable to people whose grandfathers didn't trouble about the arrangement of such things.

Mr. John Galsworthy, who has come prominently to the front among the writers of fiction, has asked to have it stated that the name under which he writes is not a pseudonym, but is his own name as it was to any person living as a gentleman before him. Mr. Galsworthy has been called a critic-novelist, whose books are criticisms of life, scathing indictments of the conventionalities of society.

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